

DIABOLICALLY DEVIANT—37 HOGTIED HOTTIES SHOWERED AND SHAFTED

HUSTLER'S

TABOO

NOVEMBER 2012

**SHOCK-TORTURED
TARA'S ANAL AGONY**
"I'M STILL SORE BACK THERE!"

**PUMPED
PUSSY**
PLUMP
FOR
PACKING

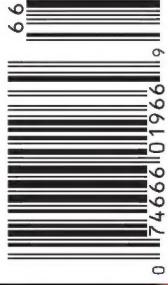
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**PONY GOLD'S
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TRAMP**
BOUND AND
BUTT-HOOKED

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TABOO Editorial

STRICTLY SPEAKING

Ernest Greene, Executive Editor

Perversion is subversion, as the brilliant sexologist Dr. Robert Stoller once observed. When it comes to subverting the prevailing paradigm of male-female relationships in a society that considers itself increasingly gender-neutral when it comes to wielding power, the sudden surge of interest in male-dominant romance is a well-tossed Molotov cocktail. We've already talked about the runaway success of the romance novels built around the idea of the Master-as-love-object, but that's not the only place we see popular culture embracing the ideal of the male domestic *caudillo*. The bumbling, endearingly indulgent sitcom hobbies of the past two decades seem to be giving way to the dark, brooding ad execs of *Mad Men* and the fanged swashbucklers of *True Blood*. These guys are all about knowing what they need and knowing how to get it, most especially in the bedroom. And the very women who have struggled for wage equality and access to privilege are their biggest fans. It would be both easy and specious to conclude that we're witnessing a counterrevolution against feminism, but it could be argued that the open celebration of the dominant guy as sex symbol was, in fact, enabled by greater gender equality in the real world. Women can now afford to fantasize about surrendering to a commanding mate precisely because they no longer have to push that guy back in order to make a living or pursue a non-traditional vocation. To cede power one must have the confidence that it can be reclaimed at will, which is exactly the proposition that consensual BDSM has always offered. The Master wields his authority by revocable invitation within limits agreed when the bargain is struck. It is all to the advantage of both men and women that negotiated submission is now truly an agreement between equals by mutual desire. Women seem increasingly able to accept this new range of options. It will be interesting to see if men, hammered by the long Cold War between the sexes, are ready to do the same.



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A photograph of two women in a leather-themed photo shoot. One woman, Odette, is standing on the left, wearing a black leather corset and fishnet stockings, holding a crop. The other woman, Emily, is sitting on a red leather chair on the right, wearing a black leather choker and cuffs, with her legs spread. They are in a room with a brick wall and a black leather chair.

EMILY AND ODETTE

INFLATED EXPECTATIONS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

Odette is my favorite demonstration model, but I give her a quick crop stroke just to focus her concentration. Showing proper pumping technique is serious business. She settles back in the chair so the lesson can proceed, beginning with some nipple teasing. Odette's always pop right up with a pinch and a slap, and she gives me a naughty nibble of gratitude. But when I apply the vacuum to them, they swell outrageously, filling the plastic tubes with tender tit-meat. I make sure they're on tight enough to be challenging before heading south.

Odette's demure, little slit makes the effect of the suction all the more dramatic. I hear murmurs in the room as I squeeze the handle repeatedly until Odette's cunt lips puff up like ripe, waxy, exotic fruit.

I leave the cups in place a good, long time, knowing Odette's clit is throbbing hard inside the plastic chamber. I want everyone to see the full effect of the treatment when I remove the tubes. My little slave's petite parts emerge inflated, crimson and visibly hungry. It's a good thing she's strapped in when I crank up the fuck machine and apply the eroscillator. Between the hammering and the buzzing of her engorged meat, it's not long before she's thrashing and screaming and begging to come, to the admiring amazement of my apprentice dominas. Nature may abhor a vacuum, but Odette adores one if applied in the right place. It's a lesson no one in the room is likely to forget soon.

















FETISH FACTORY DELIVERS DELIGHTS

PHOTOS BY GERRY KOEHLER

For the 17th year in a row, Ft. Lauderdale's Fetish Factory anniversary festivities demonstrated why this wild weekend is such a consistent highlight on the kinksters' calendar. From the opening dinner and cabaret show through the grand fetish ball to the closing pervy pool party, the hits just kept on coming, in every sense. Early arrivals enjoyed a three-course dinner while being entertained by artistes Val Vampyre and Coco Deville at the local perveratti venue The Manor. Next up, the Beat and Greet Fetish Party to get everyone revved for the big ball, featuring performances by latex muse Mosh, piercing player Samar, aerialist Brit Dibbs, *kinbaku sensei* Tatunawa, cutting-edge designer DefenzMechanizm, bondage maestro Erebus, fire dancers Artista & Byrn, and the Alter Ego Dancers. No doubt celebrants were ready for that farewell dip in the pool.



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TABOO READERS RANT AND RAVE



It's your soapbox, please keep those letters coming!



VAC ATTACK

Loved your September/October 2012 layout *Aiden and Ariel—Shame's the Game*. I never tire of seeing girls play dirty and TABOO never disappoints. Thought the vac-bed was totally cool and Ariel releasing the milk enema before Aiden pisses on her tits was totally hot and nasty. This is the kind of action for which I buy your magazine. Won't find it anywhere else.

—Fred W., Wilmington, Delaware

PRaise FOR PiCHARD

Finally, someone else has recognized the genius of France's kinkiest cartoonist. Your September/October 2012 article *Georges Pichard—The Voluptuousness of Cruelty* presented a good selection of this neglected artist's sultry sluts in the diabolical iron bonds that are his trademark and a lot of informative commentary about this extraordinary man's amazing life. Let's hope it wins him the long-delayed appreciation he deserves here in the States.

—L. Walsh, Duluth, Minnesota



BY ANY OTHER NAME

I'm sure I've seen the luscious, inked beauty in *Amy and Martin—Unconditional Surrender* (August 2012) on my favorite bondage Web site under a different name. Could she be the same Sparky I've been lustng after by any chance? She's keeping me awake in more ways than one.

—R. O'Connor, Grand Junction, Colorado

Rest easy, R. The lovely lass is indeed Sparky and deservedly popular wherever babes are bound.



SOUND THINKING

Master and I have recently gotten into urethral play and the beautiful slave in your September/October 2012 layout *Savannah and Leon—No Limits* having her peephole probed with the electrified rod was totally inspiring. Amazing what a little jolt can do up there. Loved all the dirty piss action too. I guess I'm just another one of those girls who has no limits myself.

—Alexandra A., Ann Arbor, Michigan

FIENDISH FUN

Carissa—Conditioned Response (September/October 2012) was truly twisted and totally bonerific. The semi-mummified blond beauty subjected to the fiendish experiments of the mad scientist definitely tickled the darker side of my fantasies. Don't know where Lightworship finds his bizarre inspirations, but it's a place I'd love to visit.

—J.J., via e-mail



FETISH FOCUS

TABOO'S KINK DILEMMA



SCHOOLS FOR SCANDAL

The basic dress code is as strict as that of the snootiest English boarding school: saddle shoes, bobby socks, plaid skirt (though often rather shorter than the dean of girls would approve), plain, white blouse, narrow rep-stripe tie, remorseful expression on a clean-scrubbed face. These are the fundamentals of the schoolgirl-fetish look. Like everything reified for kink indulgence, variations on the theme are often observed where enthusiasts gather. Corsets worn over the uniform blouse, goth makeup, chunky platform oxfords, distressed fishnet stockings are all deviations from the fundamental presentation that amuse the younger crowd while rendering traditionalists apoplectic.

Given the evolution of this particular proclivity, it's hardly surprising that its most ardent enthusiasts would have little tolerance for individual interpretations of the long-established basics. The schoolgirl fetish comes freighted with associations characterized by an overriding theme of strictness for its own sake, or at least for the sake of preserving the underlying fantasy.

Like many fetishes, this long-popular kink has roots in the pervy isles of the U.K., specifically the regimented, single-sex educational system that has produced generations of deviant Brits. Until quite recently, British public schools have maintained the administration of corporal punishment, administered with a cane or a paddle, as the cornerstone of academic authority. Students male and female have, for generations, been bent over the desks or even special "flogging blocks" of stern



headmasters and headmistresses for "ten of the best" as penalty for transgressions both scholastic and social. Though sometimes applied to upraised palms, the licks have most commonly been inflicted on bare bottoms, and though the hypocritical conceit holds that this is done solely for the benefit of the wayward students' characters, the circumstances under which such discipline is applied do lend themselves to less virtuous interpretation. A pretty girl presenting her bare bottom to an authority figure for striping with a cane presents an inherent temptation, and the inevitable squirming and wriggling produced by the stinging impacts would

induce blushes from Piccadilly burlesque dancers. Moreover, the rippling impacts so close to zones erogenous have been known to produce involuntary arousal, adding to the shame of the penitent while inspiring lustful imaginings in the disciplinarian. When spankings, birchings and canings are administered over the authority figure's lap, the resultant undulations are likely to produce a physiological response from both parties that, while never spoken of in official circumstances, is nevertheless difficult for either to ignore. Though a certain coyness about this aspect of the practice was generally observed, many literary figures of the Victorian Age, such as Algernon Swinburne, scandalized polite society by openly rejoicing in their early sexual awakenings surrounding the flogging block at Eton.

In the more relaxed atmosphere of modern Britain, it's possible to spend a rather pricey evening at School Dinners, a restaurant resembling a school dining hall where appealing, short-skirted female "students" will either endure or administer canings to customers at a pound a stroke.

Here in the colonies, despite the lack of an educational system seemingly contrived to foster such fetishes, many of the old customs have been carried over among stateside CP practitioners. The schoolgirl uniform, the pre-punishment scolding, the





requisite "corner time" for the misbehaving pupil to contemplate her sins, and the furtive fondlings that follow are common features of the naughty schoolgirl scenario as enacted stateside.

Another U.K. import associated with scholastic fetishism is a certain amount of snobbery. Spankos, as some American CP fanciers call themselves using a neologism that would produce shudders of revulsion in Anglo traditionalists, tend to party among their own and largely eschew identification with other forms of BDSM-related impact play. Though the prejudice seems to have diminished in recent years, "Old School" purists have been known to disdain BDSM altogether as a pursuit of the less refined.

However, with the coming of school uniforms to American education in recent years (introduced in many urban districts

hoping to put an end to clothing-status competition among pupils), the schoolgirl "look" has acquired a perverse panache divorced from the CP roots of English educational custom. The Yank version is animated by a certain deconstructivist cheekiness evident in the micro-mini plaid "skirts" often worn with ruffled panties or none at all, the unbuttoned blouses, the whorish makeup, and visible body piercings and other totems identifying the wearer as a good girl gone shamelessly bad. Typical of our less reticent culture, if the American naughty schoolgirl wants a good hiding, rather than contrive an offense to earn it, she's more likely to simply hand the cane or paddle to her companion, bend over, flip up her skirt and ask for a few good strokes. She's less likely to count out her sentenced lashes between gritted teeth than to yelp with pleasure and ask for more. And rather than make some show of virtuously ignoring the sexual pleasure induced as a result, she's more apt to par-

take of the subversive pleasure of directly seducing the duly-designated disciplinarian, thus having it both ways, reveling in her chastisement as a warmup to the commission of more robust sins. There's an undeniable playfulness to the younger generation of schoolgirl fans that separates them from the stern and severe demeanor considered requisite by traditional scholastic fetishists.

What remains for all is the inevitable inspiration of impure thoughts inspired by the swish of a passing plaid skirt and the mock modesty of a demeanor of dubious innocence. Truly an ur-fetish, the schoolgirl archetype has been with us a long time and is unlikely to graduate from our fantasies anytime soon.



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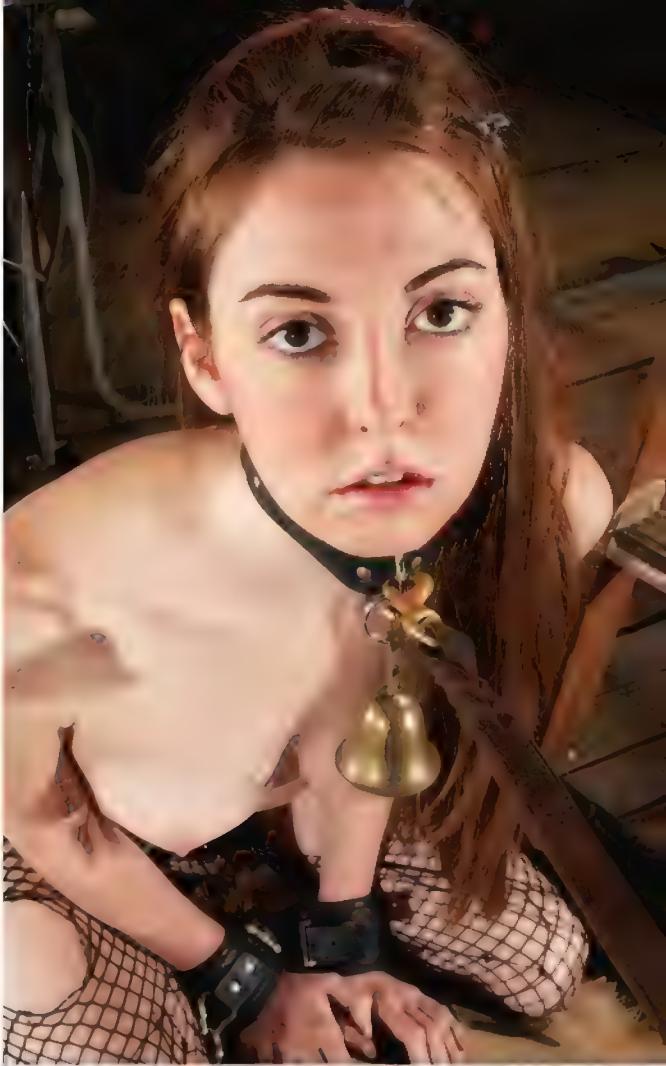
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▼



A woman with long, straight hair is shown from the waist up, wearing a black fishnet outfit. She is bound in wooden stocks, with her wrists and ankles secured. Her head is tilted back, and she appears to be in a state of distress or exhaustion. A large, glowing blue and yellow device, possibly a sex toy or a medical instrument, is inserted into her mouth. The background is dark and textured.

PEPPER Broken for the Block

PHOTOGRAPHY BY X-LABS CHICAGO

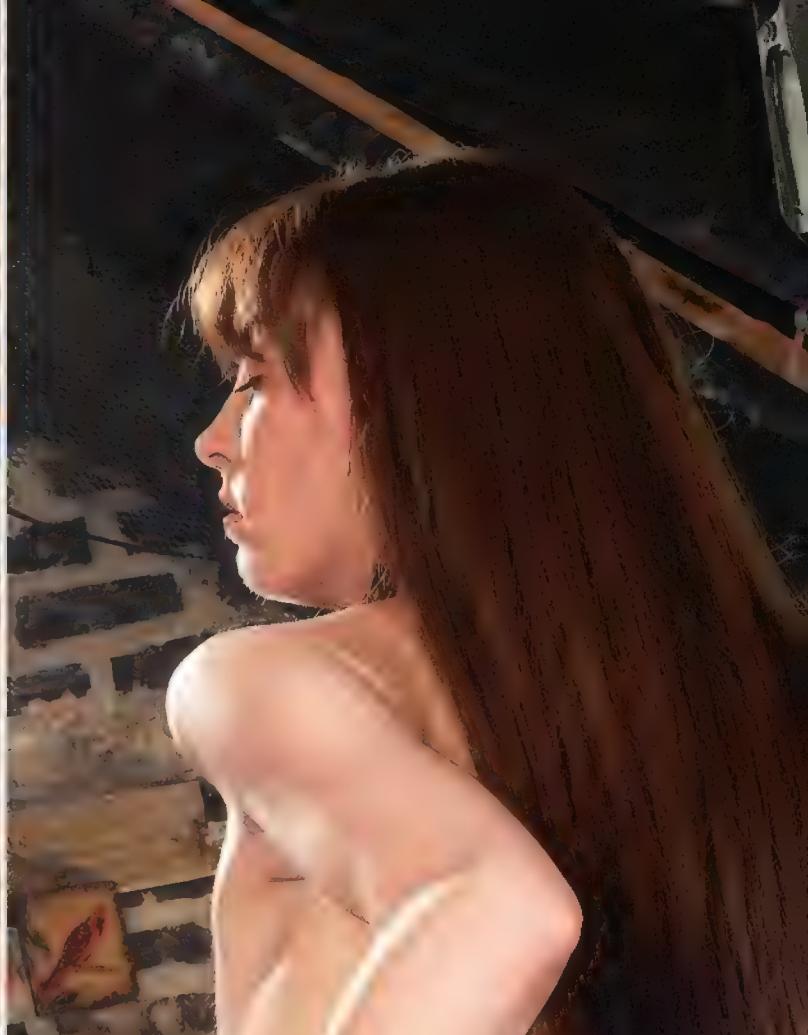
Pepper's going to fetch a pretty penny once she's properly broken. She must first understand that she no longer controls her body. Locked in the stocks and hauled up on tiptoe, she whimpers and whines at the relentless throbbing of the big buzzer on her hot button, but soon gives into the first of hundreds of orgasms she can't prevent. Ice cubes applied to delicate spots are a good way of making her understand not all sensations in a slave's life will be pleasurable. At first she refuses the bland, enriched feed that will sustain her during the indeterminate period of preparation, but the slash of the whip shredding the remains of her fishnet pantyhose improves her appetite immediately.

The buyers have no use for a butt-shy sex slave. No matter how many lashes over how many days it takes, Pepper will learn to open her tiny orifice and insert a hard, thick prod, spreading her hole larger and managing a convincing come-hither look.

The process is working, as always. Her cocksucking technique improves with each attempt, until she automatically remembers to look up at her keeper as he packs the back of her throat with his hard meat. The next time Pepper is chained down and worked over with the vibe, she shudders and spasms her way to a violent, gushing orgasm erupting all over her. Conditioning complete, she's ready for the auction. Some lucky buyer will soon own a finely polished piece.



















Caught embezzling from her crooked boss, Sophia's options are all bad—years in jail, paying him back over who knows how long, or accepting a one-time punishment, no questions asked. Tied to a chair with her head bent back, it's too late for regrets. The stranger who appears goes to work on her immediately, bending her over to hammer her ass with the rigid paddle until tears flow. Will Sophia behave and put the glass rod up her anus? It's cold and hard, but she works it in, utterly humiliated by her own compliance and the knowledge that she brought this all on herself. Obviously an expert, he exploits her shame, making Sophia look him in the eye while she pisses with her hands bound.

Then it gets bad. The vicious clamps applied all over her body, especially the most sensitive spots, bite like wildcats, and the beads pulled slowly in and out of her rectum make it impossible for her to hold still and not agitate them. But the hook is the worst, its giant steel balls slowly invading her sphincters until it's completely buried in her ass-guts, then tied off to tight ropes compressing her middle. Now each stroke of the paddle vibrates the heavy spheres deep inside, producing a shameful need to expel. Babbling promises never to misbehave again, she realizes she's been left alone to contemplate her misdeeds and her burning backside. Tomorrow she'll return to work as if nothing had ever happened, but she and the boss will always know the truth.

SOPHIA
**STRESS
POSITION**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVE NAZ





















A photograph of a woman with short brown hair, wearing a black leather collar and cuffs, standing in a dark, industrial-looking space. She is leaning against a metal railing, looking up. In the background, there's a horse's head sculpture and some chains.

ANGELINA

DEPARTMENT
OF
CORRECTIONS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JOHN DONEGAN



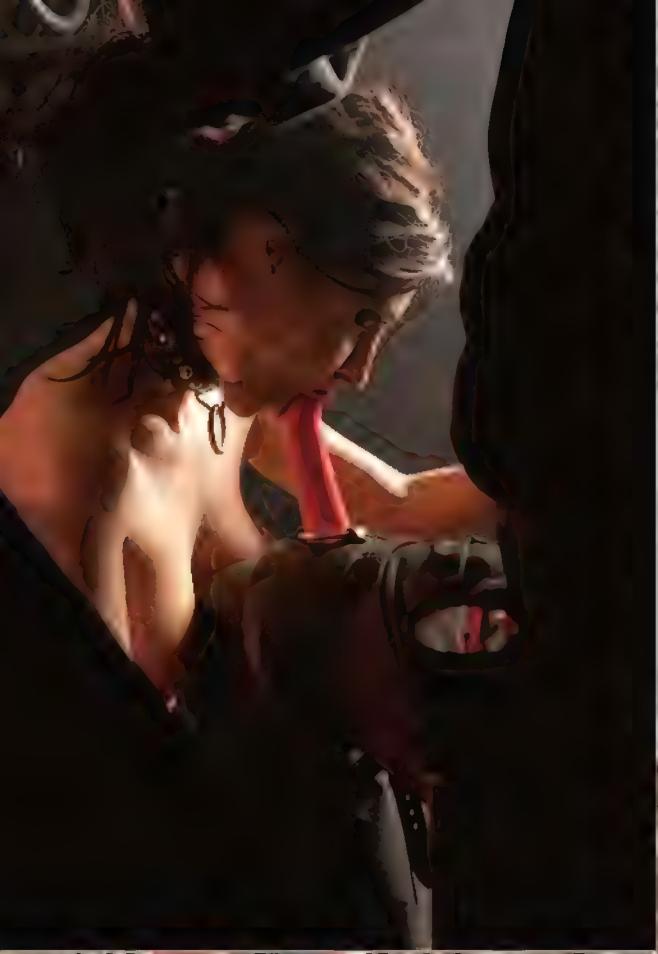


The Enforcers pick me up just for having a little fun with one of the other girls on my pleasure block. Anonymous. In his mask and body armor, the trainer plants a boot on my neck. I shoot him a cheeky smile. He won't do any real damage to government property. But that doesn't mean he can't hurt me. Lifting me like a rag doll, he plaitis me in front of the whipping bench. I can't believe he's going to use the flail with the spiked balls on me, but after the first stroke, I realize they're light and hollow, the points just sharp enough to sting like wasps. He sets my ass blazing in a dozen strokes. The tit-crushers are just a bonus.

Chained on the frame, I feel his gloved fingers invade my cunt. Yes, I'm wet like that always. With the vibrator and the steel probe, it's easy enough to wring a couple of orgasms out of me. And my asshole opens easily to the spreader. Ready for service back there too. I won't mind if he fucks me, but I have to do the knee strap-on instead. It's so humiliating, having to demonstrate my skills for rating. They must be good enough, because he throws me down on the mat, chains me wide open and rips down his velcro fly. Slave slut that I am, I don't pretend not to like what I see. Maybe next time I can request this one again.











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A woman with dark hair and smoky eye makeup is lying face down on a dark, reflective surface. She is wearing a black leather choker and a matching leather harness with a belt and buckles. Her body is angled, with her head towards the top left and her back towards the bottom right. The background is dark and textured, possibly a car interior or a metallic structure.

*In position and ready
for duty, Sir!
xxxooo Angelina*

Sub-Space

BY NINA HARTLEY

DEAR NINA,

I'm 28 and been enjoying kinky sex for years. Depending upon my connection with my prospective partner, I've played both as a submissive and a bottom, though I've never identified as a slave. No matter how much, or little, romantic involvement I have with my partners, I prefer to mix sex in with my kinky activities. Does that make me a closet vanilla? It's the promise of hot pleasure that makes it worth my time. I don't need to love a person to enjoy it when he pisses on me before fucking my ass, (though I did need to love the person with whom I did my first A2M scene). But if the fucking part isn't happening, I can't feature going with the pissing part either. It's always irritating when people say they "never mix sex with their SM," as if my way of doing things was somehow less noble. As a very experienced player, do you think there's something purer about BDSM without intercourse?

—Annoyed, Ypsilanti, Michigan

Dear Annoyed:

I share your annoyance with those who think that mixing genital sex and orgasms with their kink play somehow "cheapens" the quality of the interaction, or sullies the



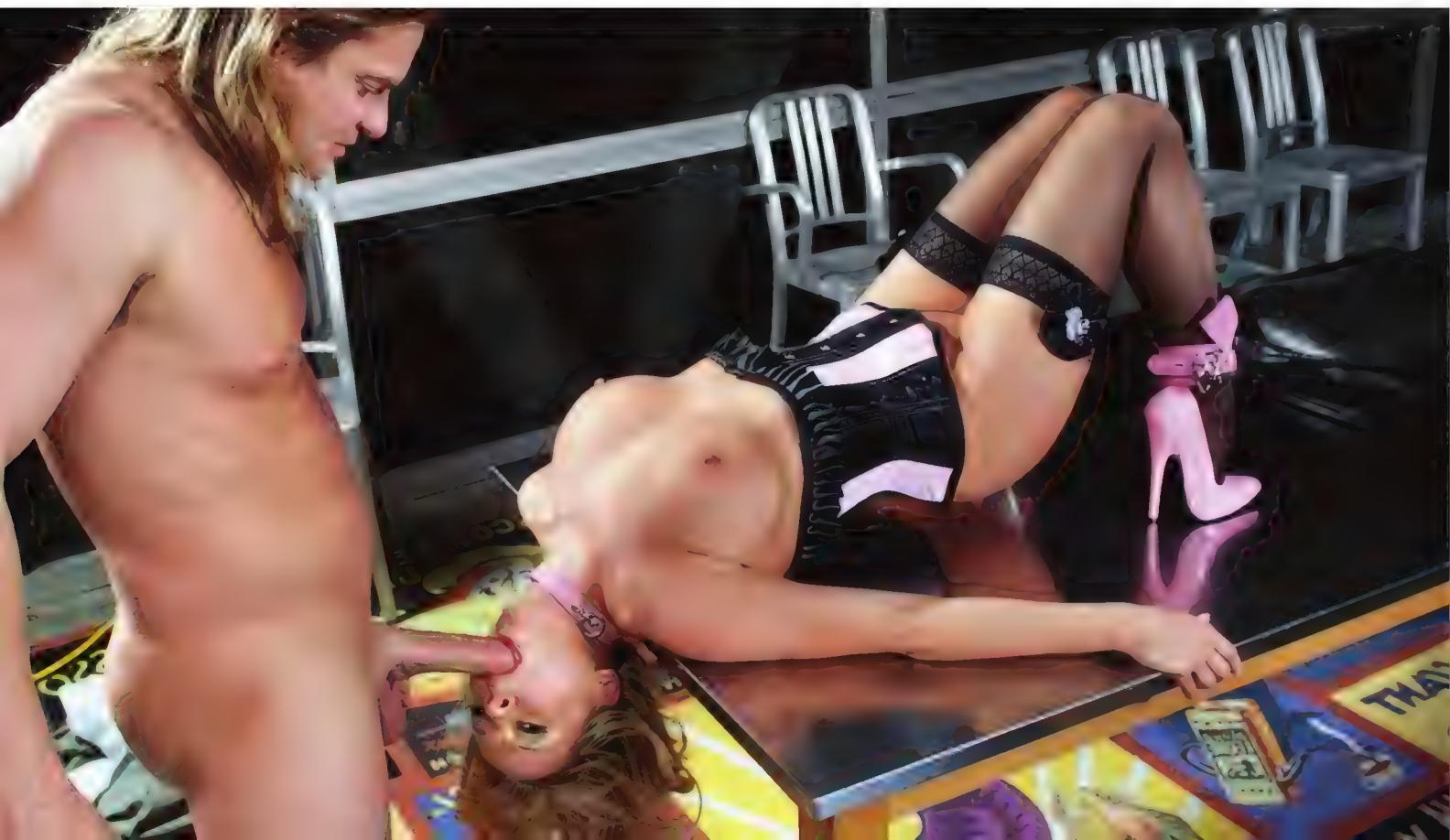
TABOO'S Sub-Space is devoted to the experiences, questions and concerns of submissive women and the men (and women) who love them. In our continuing effort to give voices and faces to the love slaves of our dreams, we provide this forum for fem-sub BDSM players to share their most intimate secrets with TABOO readers. This month, XXX superstar Nina Hartley, who enthusiastically participates in BDSM play as both Domme and sub, offers her advice. She welcomes readers' queries for future installments.

"purity" of the SM experience, rendering it "merely" vanilla with a cherry on top. If I choose to reject the limitations on my sexuality imposed by society, why should I

accept theirs? My sexual tastes are varied and I don't rate them by any external scale.

When I'm with a vanilla partner, our activity is vanilla, even if we don't fuck. When I'm with Master, by definition all our sex is "M/s sex," meaning, whatever we do is colored by our power exchange, but it absolutely always includes a lot of things non-BDSM people do also. M/s sex is defined by context more than specific behavior. While much of what we do (beating, caning, whipping, pissing, enemas, etc.) would not pass the vanilla-sex sniff test, a lot of it would (kissing, petting, fondling, fucking, sucking, etc.).

Like you, just how much I'm willing to do when I'm in the receiving position depends on my emotional connection to my partner. Obviously, Master gets to do whatever he wants and since he and I are romantic partners, anything we do is de facto "romantic," no matter how violent it might appear. With other dominant partners there are going to be hard limits no matter how much I may like them, simply because they're friends or casual play partners. And with those who don't share my kinks, I can still have a good time without feeling I'm betraying some theoretical dynamic that's supposed to describe who



and what I am.

If by "vanilla sex," you're talking about PIV (penis-in-vagina) fucking, Master and I have a LOT of "vanilla sex," even in the midst of a super-kinky session involving butt hooks, pussy suction, vicious tit-caning and vigorous face-fucking. I can't imagine anyone watching us would doubt our authenticity as kinksters, but if observed with someone else, I might seem entirely "normal." I fought a long time to get to a place where I could accept all the different facets of my sexuality as authentic. I'm not about to let anyone else define them otherwise. You don't have to either.

DEAR NINA,

I'm 26 and only recently discovered BDSM. I like fucking and have had plenty of boyfriends, but the sex always got boring after a few months. A friend brought me to a munch and I realized what I had been missing! I've learned that I prefer dominant men. I've realized I want rougher sex than most regular guys can deliver. I love it when a man pulls my hair while biting my neck, or grabs me so hard when they pound me that they leave fingerprint bruises in my flesh. I like being held down by the throat and tossed on the bed with a slap across the face. Had I not discovered this lifestyle, I'm not sure where I would belong. Are there a lot of women like me out there?

—Newly Minted Sex Fiend, Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Dear Fiend:

You're certainly not alone in your enjoyment of rough sex. The kink lifestyle is full of women looking for just that and men ready to give it to them. That doesn't guarantee compatibility in other areas, but at least it's not an irreconcilable conflict of preferences. Just know that not all rough sex is the same and not all men who share your interest in it will be automatic matches. I've always liked intensity with my sex play, but it took meeting Master to introduce me to the joys of rough and violent sex. It really does get the adrenaline pumping to be held by the hair while he slaps my tits and stomach. Done correctly by a skilled and passionate lover, rough sex is as fluid and graceful as anything Fred Astaire did with Ginger Rogers. Good dominants understand that there's an effective and correct way to pull hair, slap, hit, punch, kick, whip and cane, and there are also ineffective, off-putting ways to do the same things. I prefer my dominants to be on the jolly side, their actions rough and brutal but their attitudes affectionate and playful. The stern, cold-blooded mauler doesn't do it for me. Make sure you choose partners who take care of your feelings while they challenge your body's limits.

Quality rough sex is very swoon-inducing and facilitates the entry into sub-space. It can be difficult for smart women to "just go there," and the physical reminder that you're not in charge now is very helpful as well as being very hot. Nothing conveys the notion of "dominance" better than the sheer sensation of being physically overpowered by the man of your choice. Have fun and take a spanking for me. Just make sure you're not trading the heat you desire for your personal standards when it comes to a partner.



Photos From
Surrender of O

Courtesy of Adam&Eve Pictures



PRIME PEE PISSED POURED BY THE PRICE

URINATION NATION

Featuring **REGINA**

Regina has to learn the hard way that a slave empties her bladder where and when she's told. A few days in the piss pit do the job nicely. Nearly naked in the stinking subterranean hole, the shame-faced sub arches out from the frame to shoot for the bucket. But inevitably there's some spatter and she ends up on her knees, scrubbing up her own mess. Another day or so and Regina no longer begs for the bucket. Squatting down with her legs open to provide the best view, she lets the yellow river flow freely on the slats, knowing she'll be back scrubbing again after and probably hosed down herself for good measure. Next time she's presented with the glass bowl upstairs, she'll let it pour without hesitation and drink it up eagerly. Better pissed off than pissed on.







PHOTO BY MINEKO BRAND

GOLD FEVER

How Photographer Pony Gold brings her uniquely personal kind of heat to hardcore kink-sex visions.

Special Feature by ERNEST GREENE

Pony Gold is a woman of so many talents it's probably fortunate she's such a workaholic. A videographer, set designer, director, model, performer, bondage rigger, music fan, avid scuba diver, snowboarder, whitewater rafter, hiker, and, by her own description, "functional sex addict," the range of her talents and interests is exhausting to inventory, much less pursue. Yet pursue them she does, with an extraordinary combination of limitless energy, meticulous technique and theatrical inspiration. As a stalwart retainer of the vast *Kink.com* empire, she's been largely invisible behind the dazzling accomplishments and varieties of her labors there, but recently she's stepped out on her own as one of the most promising BDSM shooters to come our way in a lustrum.

Sprightly and gamine and downright adorable, Pony's demeanor is warm, accessible and modest. Her easy charm is disarming, suffused with a sly wit hinting at a dark, down-and-dirty imagination where lurks uncompromising visions of eroticized pain and pleasure, often drawn from personal experience about which she's anything but coy. Her rigorous attention to detail and cinematic narrative chops are products of the most direct observation. She doesn't shy away from the extreme when depicting the beauty of sexual cruelty. Recently Pony generously took time out from her demanding schedule as one of our genre's brightest new lights to give us a glimpse of the woman behind the curtain who creates the shocking yet lyrical scenarios so unmistakably all her own.

HT: With so many creative outlets, how did you end up behind the lens of a still camera?

Pony: For the longest time I hadn't even considered photog-

raphy specifically. I suppose I just kind of fell into loving it as a profession. I've been capturing images since I was 16, but my focus was initially drawn to making films, working for the local TV station and eventually at post-production houses. It wasn't until four years ago when I started working at *Kink.com* that I came to appreciate how beautiful a still image can be. Starting out as a production assistant, a large part of my job was shooting production stills of the scenes as we simultaneously recorded the action. I had to dance around the video camera, using my ninja skills to get the sweetest shot possible while still staying out of the way. Learning to capture live movement in still photographs fascinated me. The way the rope looks wrapped around the body, the look on a performer's face as she receives the cattle prod, I fell in love with these transcendent

moments. The run-and-gun creative environment inspired me to create my own scenes to capture.

HT: What drew you to BDSM as a subject, individual interest or artistic fascination?

Pony: BDSM has always appealed to me visually as well as physically. Ropes, straps, clean lines and the angles that the body takes on when bound are so beautiful. I can't take my eyes off how the skin is compressed by the bondage and how the light accentuates the details. Being personally involved in these acts myself, they invoke so much more than just sexual desire. Great bondage is truly a work of art.

HT: What do you think is the essential appeal of BDSM sexuality?

Pony: The fact that it's different for everyone. I LOVE the diversity of the fetishes surrounding me. Visually, they play out differently every time I shoot them, even if it's with the same person. Looks can be so deceiving and you can't antic-



ipate what anyone will be like until you start to push their buttons. Someone can look so innocent and sweet until you get her tied up and all of a sudden she turns into this drooling, writhing whore. I love watching that transition from made-up to messed-up. I have to admit I also love the mind drugs kink-sex generates. I know when I smack someone or vice versa, the endorphins and dopamine are quick to follow!

HT: A signature of your work is your attention to correct kink detail.

Pony: It's from years of watching the professionals! The directors at *Kink.com* are so meticulous about their work. Every tie and implement must be employed a certain way. Watching them taught me the specifics of fetish. When I considered shooting on my own, I was already aware of how much of a perfectionist I can be and I utilize that when I shoot. I love to use a lot metal and wood restraints. I don't usually do my own rope bondage, but I'm in the process of learning. When I shot Gia DiMarco and Christian Wilde I had the pleasure of working with bondage rigger Fivestar and had a blast. She is so crazy talented, she really blew my mind with her bondage skills.

HT: You're very good at getting believable responses from your models. How do you coach them?

Pony: I try to make them feel as comfortable as possible. During a photo-shoot, I ask a model to take a deep breath and really feel the bondage. Sometimes I'll even call out an expression I want on her face. I also choose models I know are truly into BDSM. They enjoy the sensations and it shows.



HT: You portray some very intense things—rigid bondage, caning, electrical play, all seemingly very real.

Pony: I choose what turns me on the most and create the scene from there. I find a lot of inspiration in a model's own style. What does she remind me of? How would she look with this huge cock in her mouth? If she has an amazing ass, I'll put her in positions that show it off. Her personal preferences play a role as well. I really appreciate electrical play, and you will see some of that in the shoots I did with Tara Lynn Fox and Holly Heart.

HT: What makes for the most arousing BDSM images?

Pony: Real emotion and realistic bondage. I especially love it when I can capture the intoxicating expression of pain and pleasure on the submissive's face. When it's real you can tell.

HT: Casting talent, what qualities do you look for?

Pony: I work with some of the most beautiful people on the planet! Most of the models I've shot have been really hot local talent, people that I've met and connected with onset. I'm a lucky, lucky girl to be surrounded by so many stunning people.

HT: You're particularly strong at shooting hardcore fem-sub boy/girl pairings.

Pony: Shooting the cum-shot is always a challenge. My goal is to catch the Dom in mid-squirt. It usually happens only once and you never know exactly where it's going to land! And when I get the submissive in a position, I'll want to use all the implements on them at once. I have to remind myself to just pick a couple items to play with. If I shot everything I wanted the poor sub would be there for days! I want every inch of the submissive's body to be accentuated and soft. I want the Dom to look almost anonymous. It's intentional that the Dom's faces practically fall out of the light leaving the sub to be the main focus. I take time placing their bodies and fixing their hair just right. I pride myself on making the models feel beautiful when they see themselves in print.

HT: Do you think there's such a thing as a feminine perspective when it comes to kink material?

Pony: I do but I've never really given much thought to my work as a representation of the female perspective. I've just shot what I like and want to see. I'm actually just a perv who wants all the dirty details—dripping pussies and raging erections. I want to capture all of that and it's a matter of someone else's opinion whether my work reads as feminine. I recently shot a lesbian video for *WaterBondage.com* with Director Bobbi Starr and got several comments on how "feminine" it looks. Water has always been a very feminine element to me, and I guess the feeling I get from the water came through visually in the film.

HT: Your style combines grit and glamour.

Pony: Music has often been a catalyst for my inspiration. I love when artists mix harsh, grinding beats with a haunting melody. I really enjoy the juxtaposition of a supple submissive in hard bondage. It's music to my eyes. I also don't like to limit myself to one style. My work is constantly evolving and I like to play with different looks. I'm a lover of color and contrast. Beautiful lighting really sinks you into the mood of the scene. You can love the subject and the content, but if the lighting is done poorly it tends to distract from what's happening. I've been working with talented Gaffer Burton Vargas to achieve my ultimate vision. The three Cs: chemistry, composition and close-ups are





what I look for in a successful photo-set. Dave Naz has always been an inspiration to me. He was the first person to ever shoot me for fetish. I see a lot of his work in TABOO. I really appreciate how raw his style is.

HT: Any hints about what TABOO readers may find in upcoming pictorials from Pony Gold?

Pony: I'm planning a very special shoot with Maitresse Madeline and Bobbi Starr. Both of these amazing women happen to be my bosses here at *Kink.com*, so I'm really planning something fun. Those two together are fucking explosive and I can't wait to shoot them going at it. Madeline has offered herself as a submissive for the shoot, which is incredibly rare!!!

HT: What other kinds of projects do you have coming up?

Pony: Primarily I'm working as a cinematographer for The Kink Bitches. We are a group of women pornographers who run most of the fem-dom Web sites. You can view my video work on *ElectroSluts.com*, *WhippedAss.com* and *DivineBitches.com*. I like to be in front of the camera as well. You can see me act in a number of films created by Cruel Romance Pictures. I'm currently collaborating on a project with famous TS Dani Daniels. I do some fashion modeling from time to time. I'm also obsessed with music videos and have paired up with a couple bands to create some stuff for them. I'm just a busy bee who's eager to get my dirty little hands on any project I can.

HT: Special bonus question: how did you come up with your stage name?

Pony: I worked for Princess Donna for several years and one day she lovingly called me Pony. The name sounds endearing to me and now it's my preference personally as well as professionally. I chose Gold as a last name because I like shiny things.



ANAL ADVISOR

BY TRISTAN TAORMINO

DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

I've been into anal play since I was young. Over the last 12 years or so, I've inserted many different things into my butt, but I've never been able to get my whole hand in until three days ago! I'm not sure how I finally did it, but wow! I've read from a few Web sites that repeated fisting causes permanent damage. I haven't found more specific information, and I want all the facts so I don't hurt myself. Hope you can help.

—Newest Member of the Five Finger Club

Dear Newest Member:

Congratulations are in order! Being anally fisted isn't something everyone can achieve, and being able to self-fist puts you in a very select club indeed. Done responsibly, anal-fisting will not inflict lasting harm. Always wear a glove to protect the rectum from any sharp or ragged edges of your fingernails and use plenty of lube. Make sure you are aroused and warmed up. Go slowly, and never force your way inside. Give yourself an enema beforehand and wait a few hours before you begin penetration so your body has time to recover. Relax and breathe deeply. If you feel any pain, back off or stop



Welcome to my column, *Anal Advisor*. I'm Tristan Taormino, author of *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women* and producer/director/star of the video of the same name. In addition to being a writer and editor, I teach sex workshops all over the world. I receive dozens of letters and e-mails daily about anal sex, and I love to share a few of those questions and answers with all of you. For more anal advice and adventures, check out my Web site, PuckerUp.com, and my reality porn series for Vivid called *Chemistry*.

altogether. The ass can be finicky, so realize that you're not going to be able to fit your

fist in there every time you try. As long as you go slowly and listen to your body, you'll be fine.

DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

My boyfriend and I love your videos and your Web site. Thank you and your inspirational performers for all the helpful information. You've enhanced our sex life greatly. My boyfriend really gets excited if I surprise him by putting an anal plug in my ass before we have sex. We get going, he discovers it in my butt, and that often leads to great anal sex. Recently, I tried it, but it was uncomfortable leaving it in for about 45 minutes. After taking it out I had to go to the bathroom and then my asshole completely closed so we couldn't have anal sex at all. The whole purpose of the plug was to relax my ass so he could get his cock in more easily, but it had the opposite effect. And it's not very sexy to have to get up and use the bathroom when we're both so excited and ready. Is this a common result after removing a plug? How can I avoid it? Is it unsafe to leave a plug in for long periods of time? I do use plenty of lube and follow your instructions from your videos.

—Plugged But Not Ready



Dear Plugged:

It's safe to leave a butt plug in your ass for 45 minutes as long as you've used plenty of lube and warmed up to it. But safe is not necessarily the same as comfortable, and it should be comfortable too. You said you used lube, but maybe you didn't use enough or, if it was water-based lube, it dried up after 15 or 20 minutes. Either way, you would need to take it out, re-lube it, and put it back in. One way to prevent this from happening is to try silicone lube (but if you're using a silicone plug, be sure to cover it with a condom first so you don't ruin the toy). Perhaps you chose too big a butt plug and that made it uncomfortable. Sometimes our eyes are bigger than our anuses. Experiment with different plugs to see what works best for you. As for your other issue, having to make a run for the bathroom once you took it out, no problem. Make sure you have a bowel movement prior to plugging, or better yet do an enema beforehand. That way, you know you're cleaned out before you pack it in.

DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

I never thought much about anal sex before. In college, I had a lover who wanted to try it, but both of us were "uneducated" on the subject, so there was never any penetration and it wasn't a turn-on for me. When I was in my late 20s, a more experienced partner introduced me to the joys of anal play, but there was never any intercourse. However, I remember getting extremely wet from our experiments with anal toys, which made vaginal intercourse incredibly hot, slippery and orgasmic.

Now, as a married woman in my 40s, I find myself desiring anal stimulation and the sensations I experienced back in the day. I've learned to bring myself to orgasm anally with a vibrator and it's incredibly intense! I want my





husband to share the experience, but he's turned off to the idea of anal sex. He is a wonderful husband, father and lover, but a bit traditional. How do I make him more comfortable fucking "outside the box," so to speak?

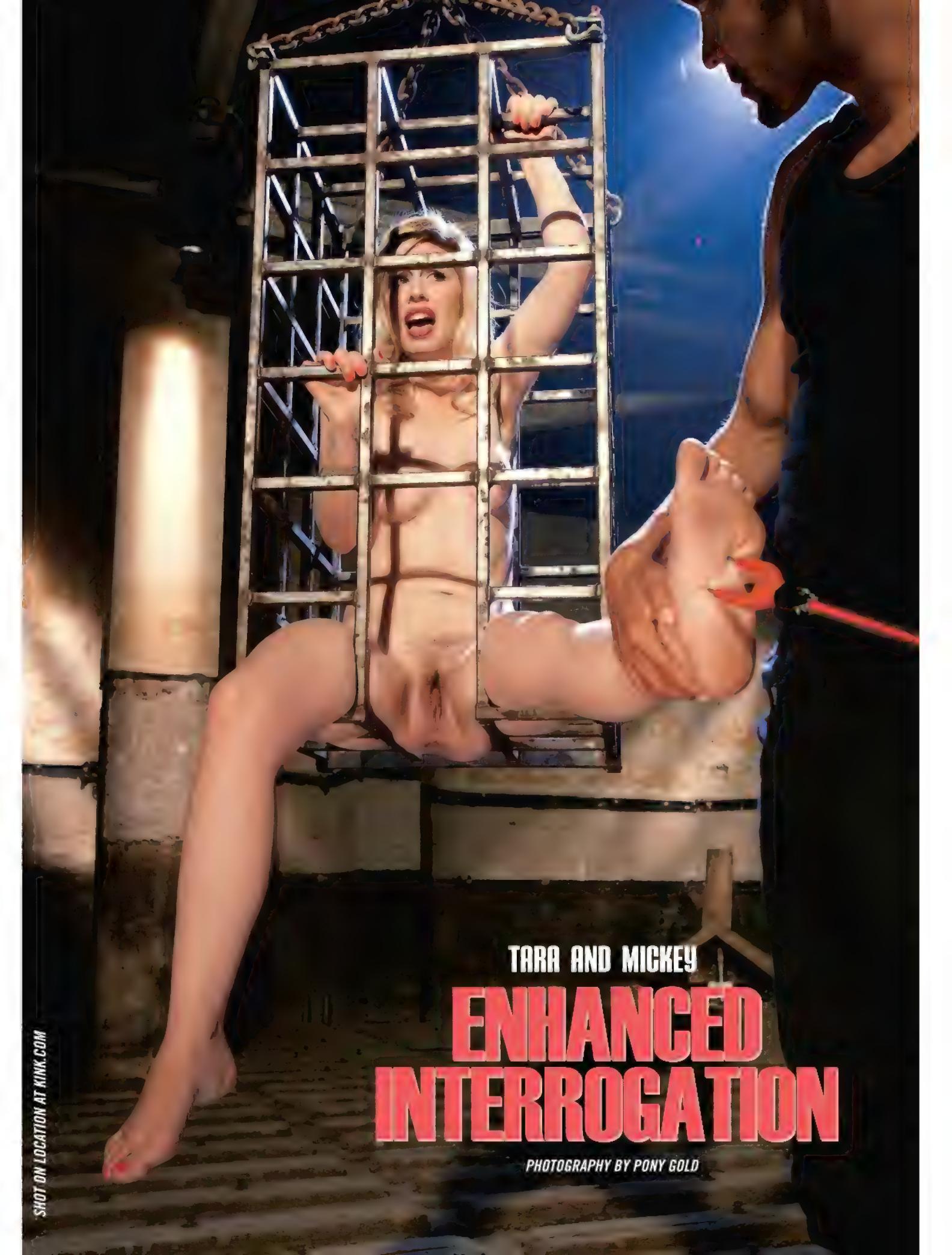
Anally Horny MILF

Dear Horny MILF:

If your husband says he's turned off by anal sex, it's fair to ask him why. Often, people carry around myths and misinformation about butt sex and make judgments based on things that aren't necessarily true. Come to the conversation armed with plenty of information to refute the untruths and reassure him. Is he afraid it will be messy? Explain how you can decrease the chances of that happening. Did he have a bad experience with it in the past? Assure him that you will take steps to prevent any repetition. Does he think it's unnatural? Tell him about your experience in your 20s and emphasize how pleasurable and orgasmic it was for you. Is he afraid that if he likes it that means he's gay? Emphasize how that piece of urban legend has been disproved again and again. Listen to his fears, acknowledge them (and that many are perfectly common), be compassionate, and give him the space to change his mind. He just might surprise you!

Photos from
Tristan Taormino's Advanced Guide to Anal Sex
Courtesy of Vivid Pictures



A woman is tied to a metal cage, sitting on a wooden barrel. She is wearing a black bikini and has her mouth open. A man in a dark tank top is leaning over her, holding a red cigarette. The background is dark and moody.

TARA AND MICKEY ENHANCED INTERROGATION

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PONY GOLD



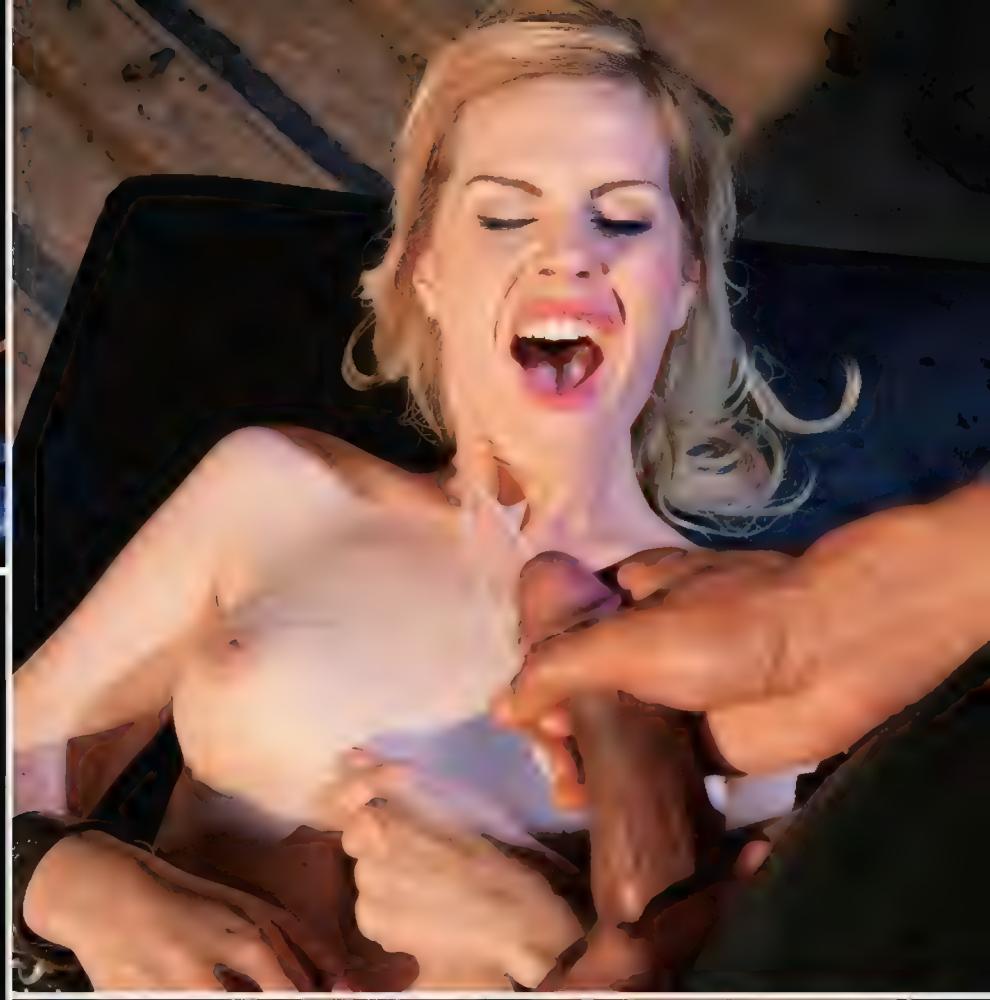












Swinging naked in the cage, Tara loses track of time. No matter how much he tortures her, she can't answer his questions. They've got the wrong girl, but he won't believe her. Circling her with the vicious cattle prod, he's figured out just where to zap her: the soles of her feet, her pussy, her ass. She screams and begs, but obediently opens her cunt for his intruding fingers. She's learned that more sex means less pain, so she obeys his perverted commands. Tonight she's to be stretched on the Y-frame. An expert at his trade, he's learned to exploit her fear of electricity. This time he uses a different instrument, one with a glass tube he can insert deeply where Tara's wet in spite of herself. When he pushes the button it feels like she's on fire inside, her howling echoing off the stone walls. But not even the wired plug planted up her ass-pipe can force her to divulge what she doesn't know.

Still, she does have something he wants. Locking her in rigid restraints on the table, the interrogator alternates between shoving his huge cock up her ass and down her throat. In between, he works her butt cheeks with the steel paddle and canes her feet. Ashamed of her own arousal and the orgasms with which her body betrays her, Tara does her best to please him, taking his gloppy load on her face with her mouth wide open. Maybe he'll be satisfied.

Leaving her filthy and sobbing, he'll be back tomorrow.

ZUZANA

A FOR ATTENDANCE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SEXKICKS







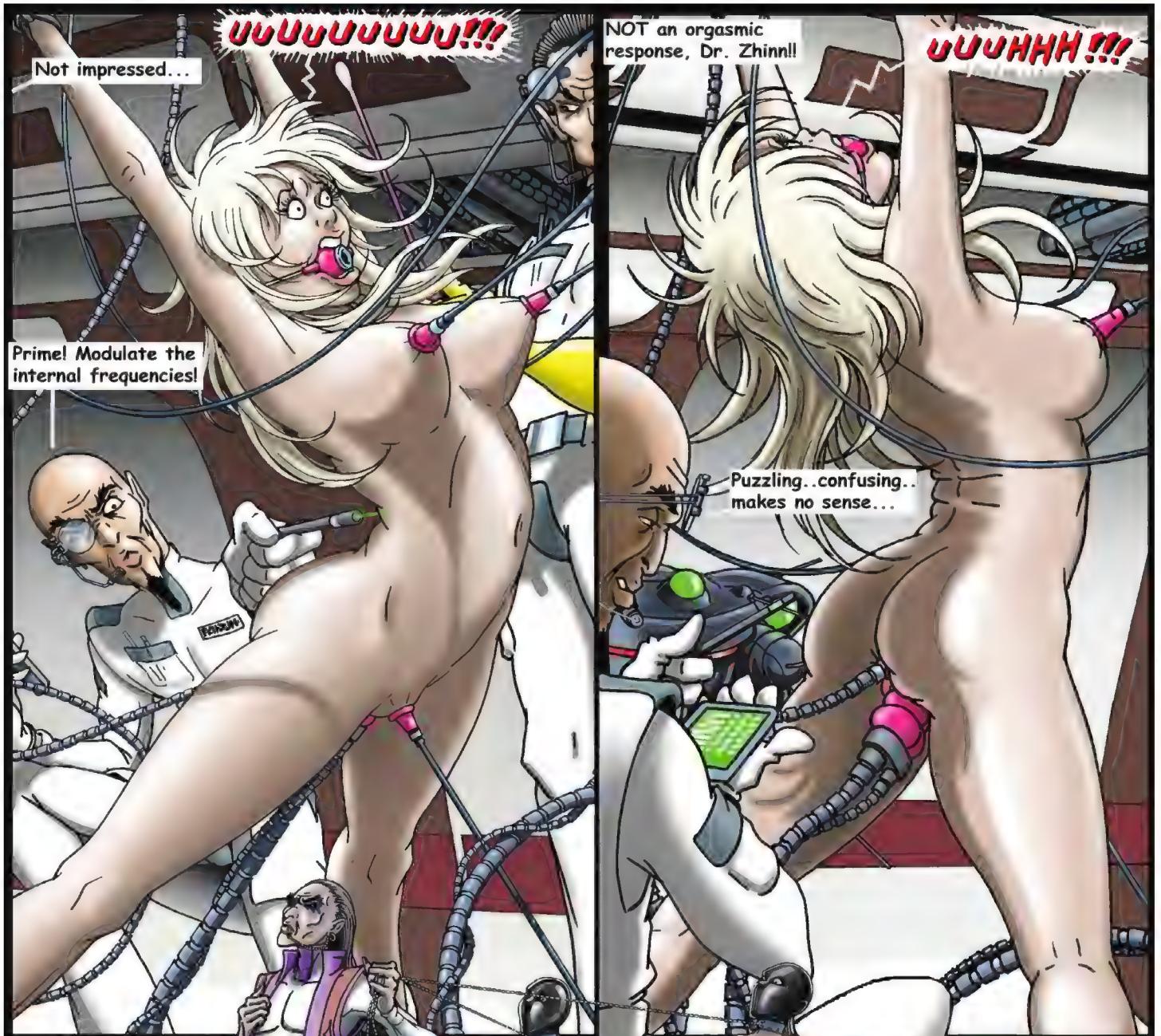
T's a dirty job and a dirty girl like Zuzana has to do it. Some of the girls dread bathroom-attendant duty, but Zuzana looks forward to her time in the white-tiled chamber. She loves the hygienic white-latex apron and matching restraint cuffs, and the way the naughty look on her virtuous face brings out the worst in everyone who passes through. She's just another fixture to be used, which suits her indolent, lewd disposition. Holding the Masters' dicks while they piss or dabbing the Dominas' bums isn't exactly hard labor, and they often give her nice tips, mostly in her elastically trained asshole. She particularly likes the guy who makes her bend over, stretch it open with both hands, and show it off in the mirror before he uses it.

Then there are those who make Zuzana squat down and empty her bladder over the drain while she sucks them off. It's such a popular trick she's glad she has to consume enough liquid to keep her filled up and ready to squirt on command. She just loves the way they throb in her mouth when she bats her eyes up at them while they're trying to concentrate on flooding her gullet. When Zuzana does get it in the cunt, there's usually something up her ass, either a thick plug or a row of rubber balls, at the time. But the best one is the guy who makes her lie down in the puddle and fuck herself while he hoses her down. After a day like this, a dirty girl needs a hot shower.









I DO want to know WHAT this energy IS, ZHINN!! GET HER TO ORGASM!!

Slaves NEVER fail to cum under such stimuli..hmm..

I believe our SOLUTION may be ORGANIC rather than mechanical, Dr. Zhinn!! Shall we experiment?

Hmmm...recreate the original conditions of the phenomenon. Duplicate the apparent sexual stimuli responses..Yes. YES!!

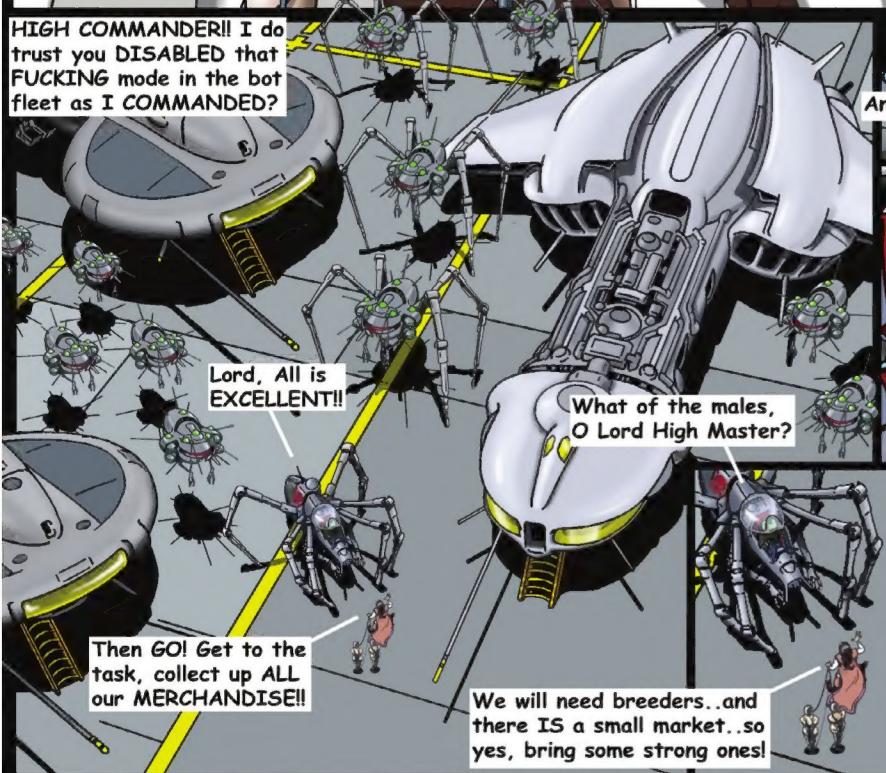
UUH!

UUH! UUH!

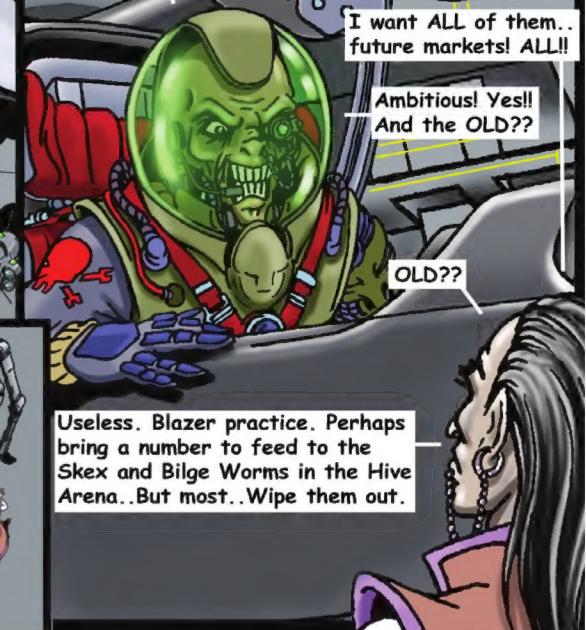


HIGH COMMANDER!! I do trust you DISABLED that FUCKING mode in the bot fleet as I COMMANDED?

And the young ones Lord?



Useless. Blazer practice. Perhaps bring a number to feed to the Skex and Bilge Worms in the Hive Arena..But most..Wipe them out.





Oh MY...

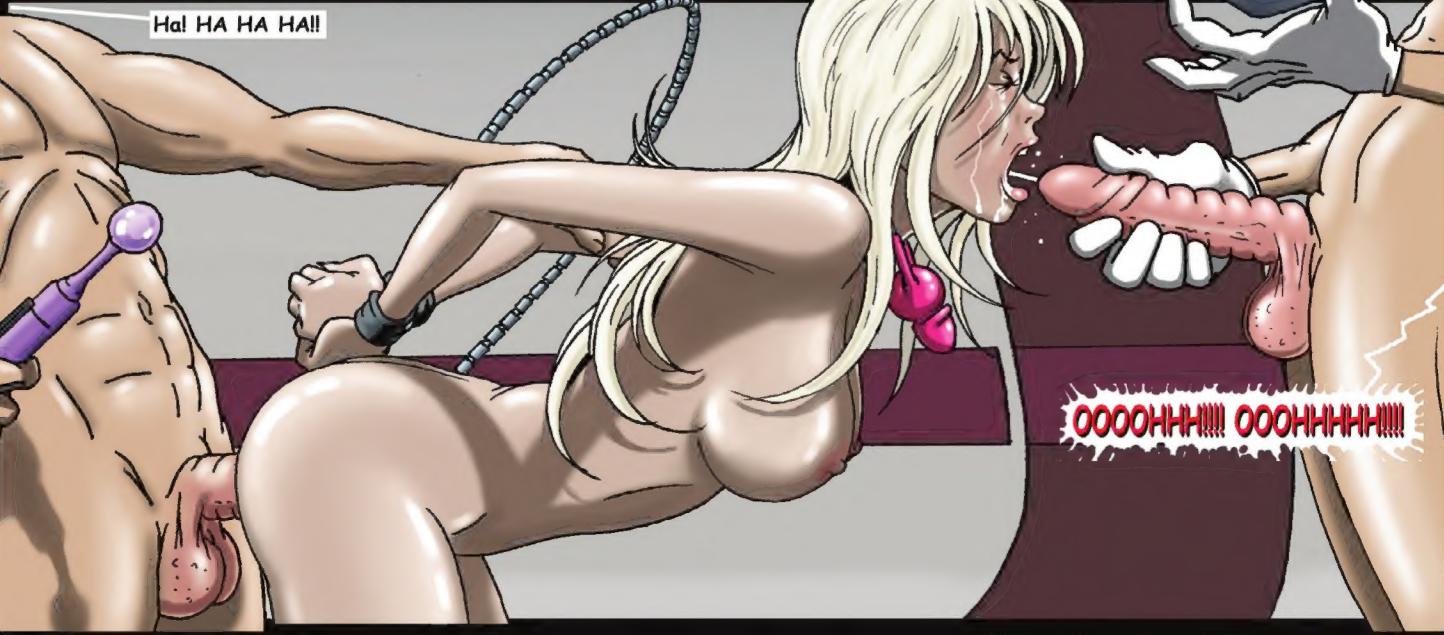
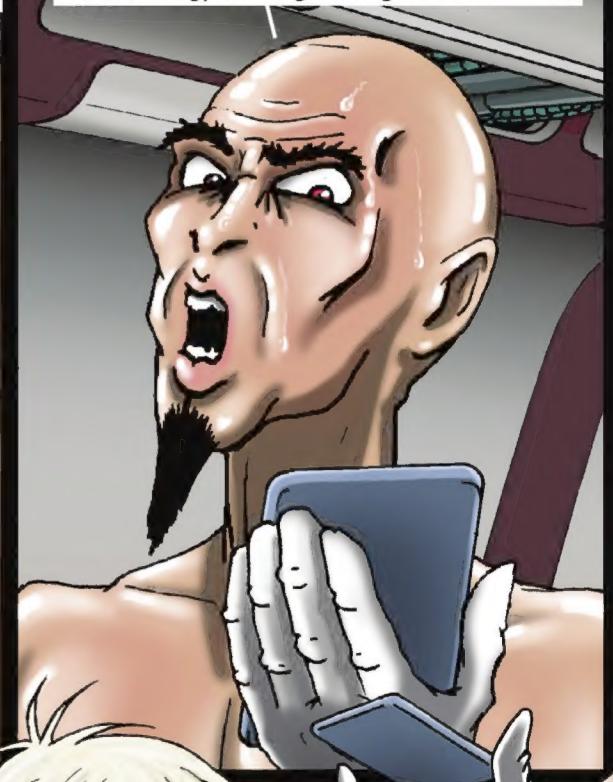
Let's get some organic stimulus into this slave PUSSY for a real TEST!





Ooh! Umm! Oh! Yes!! Um! Subject seems to have an instinct for SUCKING COCK!! Umm!!

Oh! Uh! Energy..readings coming UP!! UHH!! OHH!!



CONTINUED...



COMING NEXT MONTH IN HUSTLER'S TABOO®

Alex lives to serve. With her ringed nose and studded nipples, she's a perfect pleasure machine. Tied to a chair and choke-fucked, cunt-clamped and ass-fucked, taking an enema bag full of cold milk up her rectum or getting a face full of piss from her Master, she's a happy girl even when she's hurting, as long as it makes her owner happy. She's a slave who knows her place—on her knees.

Alena looks scared, chained to an old couch out in the middle of nowhere with her latex dress hiked up over her shaved slit. The whipping is bad enough, but what will they do next? She shouldn't have tried to run away, but it's a little late to think of that now. She'd better concentrate on proving her obedience, taking the hard paddle, spreading her fuckhole for the dick-on-a-stick, pissing in the glass and then gagging it down. If she's lucky, they'll be satisfied with a good gang-bang, leaving her striped, filthy and suitably humbled.

It's a tough test for Beauvoir, but she's determined. Days in a bare, grimy room, bound constantly in tight hemp, spread open with cruel clips and packed with thick prods between uses, candle-waxed and suspended face down, she earns her stripes. Prime fuck-meat, she's properly basted and ready to serve.

But we're not done yet. Our holiday gift basket is filled with tips and treats from Nina Hartley's *Sub-Space*, Tristan Taormino's *Anal Advisor* and a kink-of-the-month *Fetish Focus*, to the next episode of our sci-fi graphic novel *DragonSabre*, and more wet heat from *Urination Nation*. This prize package is special delivery, just for you.

DECEMBER ISSUE ON SALE OCTOBER 2, 2012

